The Democra

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J. W. WOFFINDIN O.,

TERMS OF SUBSCION: Phree Months....

# The Ateston Democrat.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

VOL. IX.

WESTON, W. VA., MONDAY, JULY 19, 1875.

NO. 2.

THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

Viewing Fish from Under the Ocean-Am-

A Word to Young Mechanics.

Where, where are a sirds that sang A hundred years The flowers that all saily sprang A hundred

A hundred year.
The lips thated,

And eyes to In flashes
Soft eye
Where, O whee lips and eyes,
The mades's the lover's sighs,
That lived as ago?
Who people the city streets
A hundren ago?
Who filled murch with faces mock
A bunder as ago?
The cing isle
O for fruit;
That that worked
Tother's furt;
has where are plots and sneers,
or man a hopes, the rich man's fears,
we would not be supposed to the rich man's fears,
the work of the rich man's fears,
t

## THE BEACON LIGHT.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

y I was to be married the coming fairs Rollin Weatherbee, heir of the Waterbee estate. How matters had pressed so far and I had been enged to Rollin I scarcely knew. Did I is him I saked myself many times, shout being able to answer the quary, by mother had very quietly sud in her determined way settled the whole affair, and I supposed I had nothing to do but quietly submit to the decree. I did not dislike Rollin, and indeed there was little about him to make one do anything lant like him. I knew my young female riends envied me.

int like him. I knew my young female friends cavied mo.

I was paying my last maiden visit with my mother, and the wedding day was drawing near. At the seaside where we were I met Broece Rogers, and our sequaintance at once ripened into friendahip. I had soarcely noted the growth of this intimacy until one evening Broece and I were taking our secustomed walk, when he studdenly turned to me and said:

Is this thing true your mother tells

"Is this thing true your mother tells

"Is this thing true your mother tells me!"

"What thing?" I almost whispered

"You know!" he answered fiercely.
"Is it true that you are to be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next October? That you are here to raise your preparations?"

"Yes." The word came almost with a gasp. He took my hands in his and looked down upon me.

"You shall not—you shall not! I love you, you are mine, how and forever."

Before I could speak or cry out he had taken me in his arms, and was raining kisses upon my lips. I was young, romantic and impulsive. This man had aroused a strange feeling in my breast, that now, as I lay in his arms, I believed must be love. I could see the reckless beauty of his face as it bent above me, and almost unconsciously I clasped my arms about his nack, sobbling wildly, and whispering: "Oh, if I had known you sconer—if it were not too late."

"It is not too late," he cried, passion—about a his me he he reied, passion and a line of the cried, passing the structure of the s

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1,887,470 movers to locate in Bracon-hey are fast opening up and im-ing the dountry. Bracton is elin-ight after Lewis; and unless we get a railroad here, it will be "ni-tuck" between us.—The County for the present year is 85 cents of \$100—a material decrease over year since the organization of the

State.

\*\*P AN UPSIDE COUNTY CORDS\*\*

—The Wheeling Intelligencer\*

Mr. John Laishley, who reside
Virginia street, Island, has in his session one of the most unique na curiositities we have ever seen.

a corn-cob shaped precisely like a man hand. The cob is about the ofa lady's hand, and is a perfect of a right hand, with fingers thumb complete. The shape could be more perfect; even the curve the wrist, the knuckles and myst was like lead in my breast. The oing came on dark and desoned faithfully, but who does not go near at its thought sho will die. She fair, leading for his should be will be will be more perfect; even the curve the wrist, the knuckles and myst was like lead in my breast. The oing came on dark and desoned faithfully, but who does not go near at its thought sho will die. She poor, frait, childlish thing, and not many what it was fo smfer before.

My heart seemed to die with Arush of emotion, shame, and if dight of course, it was a light on the man was whom I had end go the stone pillars of the gate, leaving the stone pillars of the gate,

meghased love and would be fought together in my breast. O mean the man was whom I had above Bollin Weatherbee in my affection. How I despised him, moment. Then I began to the might not be so-there might be mistake. "I will go to him.to-u I thought, "and I shall know."

I did go, when the shadows egioanting settled down over the I found him waiting for me. He gloanting settled down over the est I found him waiting for me. He out his arms, but I stood aloof, "Go to Cora Smith," I said, "is mittled to some corosson, also we

is entitled to your enresses—sho

is entitled to your ...

Incoded no further proof of his gut His face turned crimson from brow chin, and then pale as death.

"What do you know of her?" hecric hearsely. "Who has been telling y

lies!"

"No one," I answored. "Your facels is a proof of the truth of all I have leard. I will make this our last meeting. My eyes are opened in time, thank God. I do not want to set them upor you again. Do not try to see me, for the will be useless. I utterly despise you do back to the only person who be lieves you worthy of love—who is dying fer you."

fee you."

Turned and sped back to the house, and for two weeks scarcely stepped outside its walls. It was ill in mind and body. My unreasoning romantic folly, itself had called love, died suddenly at one blow, and I knew there was only one man in the world that I loved, or ever

and loved, and that one man was Rollin had loved, and that one man was Rollin Weatherbee. But my heart was filled with regrets for my past folly, and fears for what night follow. But two weeks passed by and I heard no word and saw nothing of Breece Rogers until that chill October night, when my story

saw nothing of freece forgers until
that chill October night, when my story
opens.

I turned my face away, lest the light
of thosedark eyes should bring back the
old delirum. For at that one glance I
felt the slood leap through my veins,
and a strange glow shoot through my
heart. I thoroughly despised this man,
yes he lad a power over me still. A
swoman rho has ever been hield in a
man's aras, and felt his kisses upon her
lips, cannever so learn to despise or forget him hat the sight of his face will
not sometimes move her. At length I
arose and moved away from the window.
A secons later something struck the
glass win a sharp clock.

"Whi was that I" asked mamma.

"The rind hurled something against
the windw pane," I answered. A moment later and it was repeated.

"Whi was the something thrown against
the glas," mamma said. "Tell Harwood to be what it is, Rose."

I got pand went out of the room. I
knew it was useless yto resist Brocce.

che what it is, Rose."

Ip and went out of the room. I

if was useless to resist Breece
is immons longer. I must go
that he wanted. I threw a dark
out my shoulders and went out.
ard he door open, and glided into

He heard he door open, and glided into the shade's again.

"Whaldo you want?" I asked, icily. "Why at you here! I told you never to approse me again."

"Yes, at you were angry then. You have had ime to think more kindly of me sines and I came to tell you that Corn is did. She died last night, and with her king lips alse forgave me whatever wrou I have done her. I was with her and cight her last breath. If she could foreye me, surely you ought. I

Oh, coe to me, and fly before it is too late."

"Ha!" I said sternly. "All that wild for is past, and forever. I shall be the life of Hollin Weatherbee next week white time, and far from here. The wild the only man I ever loved. That it fancy I conceived for you died at ddenly as it sprang to life, and can inc live again. To sway now and leave I Good-night and good-bye. I spe ack into the biguse, and locked the do selind me, leaving him alone in the knees. I found mamma had fallen sleep in her chair by the store, was relieved that I would thus be ared autwering any questions. The d blew colder and harsher across moorands. A dreary rain bogun to , and the night settled down, desolat hel lonely. Merideth Houseways or served quiet, and my heart it. gan to , and the night settled down, desolar ad lonely. Merideth House was or assively quiet, and my heart was full sad forebodings. What if the dr full autumnal storms should come out after Rollin embarked for Avenda. What if his ship went down in the ware of the lake, and he never came to b? Would it not be a just punish at for my wild folly? Had I not becentrue to him in thought, and almost licen my vows, and fled with another ad that other a basehearted, unprinced, villain? Oh! I was ashame ashamed; and I hid my face in my his, praying to God to forgive me, and nd Rollin to me in safety.

The da that followed were damp and

The de that followed were damp and chill, warnist and wet east winds. But the dread storm did not come on. I went to rest with a heart full

ow "but whave I never seen it before?

ed That is the lighthouse that directs
't's ships to endale landing, for the landatting is erly opposite Meridelt House,
it I have at he light night after night
from meanber window." I turned
from meanber window." I turned

the light night after night amber window. I turned the direction of the landing, as pitch. But to the left, a mile, shone that brilliant identy a thought struck me, it is the lighthouse on the cried, and my heart seemed il. I remembered that I had are once, in my beat. An an, sitting on the rocks, and is line in the water, had anqueries concerning the light is where the red light is very stormy night," he said, used, miss, for the beacone guides the ships afe to the But this is lighted sometimes here the danger lies, if the changerous, is all came back to me now, and listinctness. The light burn into my very eyeballs—nat shone clear and white—signal of danger—high up I rocks. Quick as lightning of through my mind. Some thed the hamp to wreck the upon the rocks. Who could one be but Breece Rogers Sollin Weatherbee was coming that ship, and he was fiend wreck a hundred lives for trilling one man. What

could be done—how could the danger be averted? Without even a glance back to the house, I opened the gate and sped toward the lake. I knew every icable of the greened

inch of the ground.

On I went till I reached the hut of a fisherman. I gave a loud knock at the door, then burst it open without waiting to be bidden. A salwart man and his burly son sat over the grate. Both started to their feet at the sight of my deathly face and staring eyes. "Why, Miss Rose—but".— I stopped them.

"For God's sake," I cried, "come with me1 The beacon at Avondale landing has not been lighted, and the house on the rocks is burning a white light, and the Coms Bell will be a wreck limless something is done. One of you go to Avondale and see why the keeper has neglected his duty, and one of you come with me to the lighthouse on the rocks."

"With you, Miss Rose, why"—

"Yes, with me! I can't say here, I must go with you in the boat and see that the light is put out. I am not afraid. The night is dark, but the lake is not rough. The only danger is threatening the Corn Bell. We must be quick."

On we hurried, I keeping pace with the long-limbed fisherman. Down to the landing the young man hastened, and up into the lighthouse, while I sprang into the boat which the old man unlocked, and, scarcely waiting for him to eat himself, seized an car and rowed with all my might. How slowly we went—bow slowly. Would we never reach the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the boat, and I clambered up the rocks.

"Careful, miss," he continued, "those rocks are wet and a lispery;" but I reached the lighthouse, and entered with a lawt so wild with fears for the Cora Bell that I forgot all danger for myself. I man like a squirrel up the stairs, up the ladder—on—up—uf-ill I reached the tower. I opened the door, I lesped into the loft, where the hand not heard with a lart so wild with fears for the Cora Bell that I forgot all danger for myself. I mal like a squirrel up the start of part of the lasherman set of the landing the landing the landing the landi

I have never set foot there since. Breece Rogers was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison, where he died two years later. Rellinknew the whole story of my folly before I became his wife. He did not consure me—since I had risked my life to save his, and to atone for my error.

## -

A Will Case.

Mrs. Cruger, a lady of wealth, and distinguished for many years in New York society, died in 1872, at the age of eighty-three, leaving a considerable estate. By a will which is the subject matter of the surrogate's decision, she left some \$240,000, being the larger part of her estate, to the American Bible Society and the Beard of Foreign Missions in equal parts. This will was executed Jan. 3, 1803, and a codicil, which changes the method, but not the purpose, of the previous paper, was executed July 20, 1869. In opposition to the probate of the will, it is alleged by Mrs. Cruger's next of kin, who under an intestate distribution of the property would be her heirs, that the testatrix was at the dates of the will and codicil incapable of making a valid will, on account of an insane condition of mind, with special reference to the subject these internants. account of an insane condition or mind, with special reference to the subject matter of those instruments. Surrogate Hutchings, after considering the evidence in the case, rejects the papers and decides that Mrs. Cruper died intestate. The Bible Society losses the large bequest, and it goes of course to the heigh

## Superstition in Kentucky.

The following story seems incredible, but it is told, apparently in entire seriousness, by the Columbus (Ky.) Messcaper: There lives within a few miles of Clinton, in this county, a wellimites of Chimoto, it alias canaly, a wine known and respected family by the name of Berry, the oldest daughter of which has been married, and lives in the edge of Ballard county. This daughter has poor health, and it seems must be at least partially deranged. This daughter has poor health, and it seems must be at least partially deranged. This daughter has one of McDonald had died near Charleston, Mo., and that he had since appeared to her in the form of an angel and made various revelations to her; that he had told her the nature of her disease, and what to do to effect a cure; and that she had followed the directions given and been relieved, thus proving the reliability of the spirithal communication. She also told then that on another occasion this spirit had informed her that certain neighboring ladies, were witches, and that they would come to the house in the form of cats and do them some great injury. The family were firm believers in the power of spiritual to communicatowith physical beings, and their minds were so vrought upon that they fully believed the insane story of their daughter. The Holy Scriptures were searched for confirmatory proofs to prophecies and in parallel cases of history, as well as for authority as to what should be done with the witches. Here they convinced themselves that the "witches' should be put to death. In the meantime the ladies who had been accused of witcheraft were apprised of the state of mind existing in the Berry family, and became alarmed and terror stricken almost beyond endurance. Finally, one day while the two boys in the fumily were out getting wood a couple of cats camo running and caterwalling near by. The boys, to use their own words, "thought the witches had them," and seampered into the house; the elder boy, aged probably fifteen or sixteen years, took a gun and went out to shoot the cats, or victures, or whatever they might be; but falling to find them, he began making threats against the ladies with the cats, for he firmly believed that these hadies could

The Olden Time.

Hon. Allen W. Dodge gives the following account of his first examination when making application for the position of schoolteacher:

I was reading an account of Concord—when I was a young man in college, over fifty years ago, I taught school there two winters—and all of a sudden I came to the picture of old Ezm Ripley, the granufather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was the very man who examined me and gave me a certificate—I have it at home—certifying that I was "of good moral character;" and certifying, too, that "I was quadified to teach school in the town of Concord, and he signed it in a sort of John Hancock style, "Ezm Ripley, minister," and the minister par excellence in the town of Concord. If you will parlon me, I will tell you how he examined me. I wont there in the evening with fear and trembling, and sat down and told him that I was the man he was to extimine. He looked at me, and I trembled from head to foot, and he spelled me—"spelling matches" of that kind were rare—he even made me read, and examined my writing, and then put me through a course of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, vulgar fractions, and that sort of thing; and said he: "I am satisfied with your attainments, but there is one thing, before I give you a certificate, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." I said: "What is that, sir," "You must open and close your school every day with prayer!" I said: "I man traguing." I said: "You cannot keep the school hadly: it was my first attempt, and I hought to be set aside from any cause whatever would be a lasting disgrace. I Well, now, I wanted to keep the school badly; it was my first attempt, and I thought to be set aside from any cause whatever would be a lasting disgrace. I thought it over: I thought it over: I thought it over: I thought it hought it over: I thought it over: I hought it over the form of prayer on a piece of paper or a slate, and pray with one eye open until I get it by heart? He said to me: "Any way your can fix it, young man; I am satisfied if you are." And I said: "I will keep the school." And—well, what do you thinkt He had to call his daughter Hannah—Hannah was there in a moment—he said: "Hannah, thaw a mag of cider." Well, we passed a very pleasant even. said. "Hannah, draw a mug of cider." Well, we passed a very piecasant evening, the cider was very nice, and we parted good friends; and I didn't think he was so stern a man when I left, as when I came. Well, that illustrates, to a certain extent, the character of the clergy of that day—they were the "masters of the situation;" their word was law."

law."

Him Monit,—An old lady in New York particularly desired that a certain cushion on which she set in church should be buried with her, and as there was a difficulty about getting it into her coffin it was luckily proposed to cut it, when several thousand dollars in green-backs cannot be light. The old lady was clearly to that, it she did bright to the company of the correlation of the company of the com

How He Won Her.

The reader must imagine that the following takes place in a sang little parlor before a bright fire. The speaker is a short, dark-complexioned man, who seems to enjoy life theoroughly. His companion is a younger man than himself and a bachelo. "How did I come to get the prize? Well, now, that is a question. If you have patience enough to listen Til tell you. As you know, I was what my family called a queer boy. I didn't drink and keep late hours, but much to the pity and possibly annoyance of my relatives, who were strict Methodists, I wandered in the neighborhood of W— clurch.

"Rather timidly I sat down in a pow

relatives, who were strict Methodists, I wandered in the neighborhood of W—church.

"Rather timidly I sat down in a pew on the right hand side of the church, and fixed myself so that I could have a view of every person coming in, and at the same time see the preacher. While glancing around my eye fell on what you have called my 'prize.'

"She was dressed in deep mourning, as I subsequently found out, for a near relative. This only added to her charms. Her face was a beautiful clear pale. Her eyes were blue, and of that large and loving kind which a fellow cannot help admiring. When she laughed two rows of pearly-white beeth were displayed. Her whole manner was that of a lady combined with the beautiful simplicity of a child.

"Under the left lappel of my vest all at once something began to jump. I guess it was my heart. For the life of me, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Now and then I was rewarded with a smile and a glance. For some time this was our only acquaintance. I attended that church Sunday after Sunday. At last I was introduced to her. This was what I had been looking for, and now that I had been looking for, and now that I had it I seemed to be in the third heaven. I was timid at first, but one evening after church I heard her say:

"I at once volunteered to be her confidence. I was timid at first, but one evening after church I heard her say:

"I at once volunteered to be her confidence. I gave to her my whole heart. I couldn't help it, she was so good and so beantiful. Four years ran on and I ventured to pop the question, although it had been mutually popped a long time before. We were sitting alone one evening in the cozy little parlor of her house. Her hand was in mine. I nervously said:

"Katie, do you remember that little two story house I said I'd like to live

"Yes, what of it?" she said, her large "Yes, what of it?" she said, her large blue eyes looking into mine.
"Well, I have one of them now, and it is a very lonely place. I want some person to fake care of it for ne. Can you recommend any person?"
"I really don't know a single person I could trust," she replied.
"I do," said I, "and that one is yourself, Katie. Will you come and take care of it—take complete possession?"

"A gentle pressure on my hand was the answer. That evening we asked 'Pa' and 'Ma,' who both said 'yes.'
"There is the whole story. You know the rest. How happy we have lived. Not a single quar—here she comes hereself, the best little wife any man could wish for."

"There is the whole story. You know the rest. How happy we have lived. Not a single quar—here ahe comes herself, the best little wife any man could wish for."

The Cheese Industry.

According to the American Groece, the cheese industry is in danger of ruin, and the only salvation, it is said, is to abandon the manificature of every quality except full cream cheese, which is the only kind entitled to the designation of cheese. So-called cheese is made of every gradation of quality, from the poorest skimmed to the richest full cream cheese, and sells in the market from two conts to thirteen and a half central poorest product is the result, and this quality proves an exceedingly upprofitable manufacture, as it costs to make and sell it at least three cents a pound. In the market of good texture and properly colored, brings a relatively higher price; and so on for all gradations of quality until when the cheese is made with a mixture of morning milk skimmed and even the central and this quality proves an exceedingly upprofitable manufacture, as it costs to make and sell it at least three cents a pound. The next quality above, with five per cent. of cream, and made of good texture and properly colored, brings a relatively higher price; and so on for all gradations of quality until when the cheese is made with the swell as I do, that it is not our place to jumportate the property colored, brings a relatively higher price; and so on for all gradations of quality until when the cheese is made with the milk is all skimmed and even the colored, brings a relatively ligher price; and so on for the gradation of quality with the presence of the care that will pass very well with those who are not experts for a full cream cheese as to be readily sold for it.

Laut year skimmed milk cheese sold very well up to the best grades. This year they can hardly be sold at all, from which it appears that, after all, cheating the propers of alulternic telephone in the propers in the Delick of the care of the care of the propers to force

don't pay. All who are interested in the export trade, and nearly overy receiver is, tells us that the presence of adulterated cheese in the English market is being fet here, and that it is absolutely certain, if their manufacture and shipment is persisted in, will react disastronally upon our cheese trade, and ultimately to drive us out of a market that has cost us so many years and so much labor to establish us out or a market that has cost us so many years and so much labor to estab-lish. Of the 1,905,978 cheese received here during the year ending May 31 hast, 1,701,328 were exported, leaving 204,650 for home consumption, about nine per cent, of the total receipts. Figures like these show the importance of sending good cheese abroad.

LIBERAL.—Aboard of one of the sleep-ing cars which arrived in Detroit the other morning, was an Jowa man, whose big boots had been blacked with the rest while he sleept. When he came to big boots had been blacked with the rest while he slept. When he came to put them on he asked what the charge was, and the porter replied that he could give whatever he saw fit. The traveler put out a nickle, smiled patronizingly, and handed it out with the remark: "There—you may keep the whole of it. When I'm around home I like to know where my money goes to, but know where my money goes to, but when I travel I pay my way and want things pleasant."

The misery felt by the child who couldn't go to the picnic is nothing to that of the one who has been to it.

# The Democrat.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Square, ten lines or less, one insertion \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion. 50
One Square, 12 months. 25.00
One-four in of a column, 12 months. 25.00
One-fail a column, 12 months. 55.00
One-fail a 12 months. 55.00 one-unit a column, 12 months.

One column, 12 months.

Local notices 20 cents per line, which must be paid in advance. Five dollars will be charged for announcing candidates for county, and ten dollars for State and U. S. offices. Lengthy Oblinary notices must be paid for. \$\mathbb{C}\$All legal notices are charged to the attorney presenting them.

cial rates to partles desiring more than one JOB PRINTING
Vestly and Promptly Executed at this Office.

### The Milkmald's Song.

MILKMAID (singing without).
Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?

Item Fish from Under the Ocean—Amphilians Life at the 1ste of Wight.

After several days' energetic sight-seeing in very hot weather, says a correspondent of the Graphic, we packed our valies and stole away to the Isle of Wight, by way of Brighton, where we stopped over for three hours to see the aquarium. You descend a series of elegant terraces, and find yourself apparently at the bottom of the sea. Cool, archod, grotto-like halls extend in overy direction, ending in ferneries bright with falling water, while along the sides of the long areades, only a crystel wall separates you from the watery homes of fishes, eels, and all the innumerable finny and funny inhabitants of the deep. You look up through the green water as though you were a fish yourself, and and the bottom of the sea. Great, selemn, aldermanic-looking cod-whiting swim up and stare into your very eyes; onormous conger eels writhe playfully around your head; idiotic-looking dogfish lie piled on one another, and blink placidly into your face like so many sheep, while the skates and the stingrays are flattened out in panting flaccidity upon the gravel at the bottom. Little Silver herring and Mining the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kise'd me milking the cow.

Robin camo behind me, Swallows fly again,

Cuckoos cry again, And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin, Come and kiss me now ; Help it can I? with my hands

Milking the cow?

Ringdoves coo again, All things woo again me behind and kiss me milking the cow.

the states and the stingrays are flattened out in panting flaccidity upon the gravel at the bottom. Little silver herring and golden-hued young salmon drift about like clouds lit by the moon, and on all sides, against the rocks that vary the surface of the tanks, wave the exquisite fringes of the sea-anemones. Here, above all, is the supreme beauty of the water-world. A Strange Supersition.

A singular case has been heard before the English courts. A laboring man was tried for the manslaughter of his son, a child two years of age, under circumstances of the most extraordinary character. This prisoner was a member of a sect called the "Peculiar People."
One of the rules of this denomination is that in all cases of illness it is against the law of God, as written in the Holy Scriptures, to call upon medical men for assistance. The church provided that in all cases they should rely entirely upon "prayer and anointing the body with oil." The infant son of this laborer was attacked with pleuriey and inflammafringes of the sea-anemones. Here, above all, is the supreme beauty of the water-world.

Every variety of fringe and flower-cup is mimicled here in hues that fairly rival the roses of the garden. Purest white, soft, creamy yellows, rich salmon color, overy shade of tender rose and glowing red and royal purple and vivid green spring from these rocks a living flower, with petals as delicate as they are deadly. For these beautiful fringes and ethereal-looking bubbles of color are so many murderous arms outstretched for food. As we watch them swaying gently in the current, a poor little transparent shrimp comes paddling swiftly by. He touches a rose-colored petal, it flashes round him, he is sucked into the gorgeous heart of the flower, and it closes contentedly over his vanished form. They knew their danger generally, these poor little creatures, and did they touch ever so lightly the tip of a floating fringe, would spring away from it with an electrical recoil. It is a very interesting thing to spend a fow hours at the bottom of the sea to see the eight-armed dieurer hanging from the rocks, or the green turtle sleeping peacefully just below the surface of the water; to watch the hermit crabs scattling busily about, each in his stolen shell; and to study the manners of the tip-toeing crayfish and the unboiled lobster. There are curious fresh-water fish here, too, in large globes. Among others the Mexican azotis, most melanaboly of fish, drapped in inky hues, black as a hearse and feathers, with plumy tufts, waving all about their disconsolate heads. Then there are the telescope fish from China, swollen and distorted golden carp, with their cyesso goggle that they really look like spyglasses.

A Word to Young Mechanics. with oil. The infant son of this laborer was attacked with pleurisy and infammation of the lungs. No doctor was aummoned. The elders of the clurch visited the child, puryed over it, laid their hands upon it and anointed it with oil. In time it died, and the father was arrested on the charge of manslaughter, in virtually contributing to the death of his son. On the trial one of the elders of the Peculiar People' testified to the anointing, and quoted Scripture to prove that his action was according to the law of God. He furthermore informed the court that the father had given the child "port wine, arrow rook, new milk and his action was according to the law of God. He furthermore informed the court that the father had given the child "port wine, arrow root, now chilk and other nourishing things," and he gave the still further information that the sect had resolved, in the event of coatagious disease breaking out among their number, to call in medical advice "for the sake of their neighbors." In response to a question of the judge this elder said that they used the same remedies for helpless infants unable to pretect themselves that were employed for grown up persons, and declined to pledge himself, in response to further inquiry, or to pledge any of his people to make any alteration in their estament of their children in cases of sickness. They would still depend upon prayer. A physician testified that the child died of pleurisy, and that it might, if properly treated, have lived. The jury found the prisoner guilty, but added that they believed he was acting for the best "according to his religious notions, and that what he dild." There is a further suggestion that the law should compel people to obtain medical assistance for children when they are ill. The judge postponed judgment, allowed the prisoner to go at large upon bail and submitted the case to the court of criminal appeal, saying that if his view of the law were correct it would have the effect of compelling people, whether "poeuliar" or not, to procure medical treatment for their children.

This is a singular phase of our modern civilization. It seems to us that the position taken by the judge is the proper one, and that when "religious convictions" develop into manslangther they should be interrupted by the law.

The Potate Bug.

The Colorade potate beetle has put in its appearance, and has now reached salt water. Some of the potate growing counties of New Jersey are badly infested, and they are equally numerous in Fennsylvania, and southward. Last fall, says the Agriculturiat, we gave warning that they were near the coast, and have this year given timely notice. Knowing that they were to be expected, the writer began to examine his polatoes as soon as they were fairly up, and in the last week of May a few bugs were found. Emmination was daily made of the vines, and a few hundred in all collected, and what few eggs were found destroyed. Examination was daily made of the vines, and a few hundred in all collected, and what few eggs were found destroyed. If the first ones which come from their winter quarters in the ground areallowed to breed, then the case becomes serious, but having, while the plants were small, and the beetles easily seen, disposed of the first breed, we hope to keep them in check, though no doubt some will come in from other places, and it will not do to omit frequent examination. Those who have been so unfortunate as to allow the insects to get the mastery must resert at once to parisgreen. Every day of delay makes the matter worse. If the lugs are few, pick by hand, and destroy the eggs, which will be found in little orange-colored clusters on the leaves. If too many to pick, then use paris green, observing all the precautions given relative to its use. Keep up the wafeh; if no bugs are found now, they are liable to come at any time during the summer, and success depends greatly on beginning in time. ner, and on through all the branches of mechanism. The carpenter answers:

"Why, this is only a piece of pine, or of eak, and nothing more." The smith will say: "A bit of iron, and that's all." But here comes the question: "What do you know of the nature of the wood, or of the iron, and why should you know its nature? True, you may be able to work them after a fashion, and your powers of imitation may enable you to be as good a mechanic as the main who taught you; but you will never thus, in the nature of things, excel, and excellence is what every young man should have in view in any pursuit, for without it-you will be termed just what you so often hear of—only a mechanic."

Every mechanic should have as thorough a knowledge of the material he works as has the best chemist in the land; and this cannot be arrived at without close study and attention to its every natural feature—strength, power of resistance, and tension; in short, everything connected with its working or transformation from one condition to another. This knowledge is what is meant when you hear a man spoken of as an experienced mechanic."

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If a man has got something to say, it is proper to let him say it. If he is a reasonable man he will be satisfied with the permission to speak, and not expect.

A Clayeland works a continuous content in the working force will be largely increased.

A Cleveland woman has cut out at waspaper accounts on the reasonable man he will be savened which the permission to speak, and not expect you to quit work and listen to him. awspaper accounts on the lawspaper accounts on the lawspaper accounts on the lawspaper accounts which a country of the lawspaper accounts which are the lawspaper accounts to the lawspaper account to the lawspaper accounts to the lawspaper accounts to the lawspaper account to the lawspaper accounts to th The reports from the various departements in the South concerning the ection crop as the high satisfactory.